

# The State Journal

Official Paper of the City of Topeka.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## GREATEST IN KANSAS.

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION:  
8,806

For the three full summer months of 1894—an increase of over fifty per cent in one year.

### OUR PROOF.

The issues of the TOPEKA DAILY STATE JOURNAL for the three months, viz., from the 1st day of June, 1894, to the 31st day of August, 1894, inclusive, have been as follows:

DAY	June	July	August
1	8,418	8,720	8,640
2	8,418	8,720	8,640
3	8,418	8,720	8,640
4	8,418	8,720	8,640
5	8,418	8,720	8,640
6	8,418	8,720	8,640
7	8,418	8,720	8,640
8	8,418	8,720	8,640
9	8,418	8,720	8,640
10	8,418	8,720	8,640
11	8,418	8,720	8,640
12	8,418	8,720	8,640
13	8,418	8,720	8,640
14	8,418	8,720	8,640
15	8,418	8,720	8,640
16	8,418	8,720	8,640
17	8,418	8,720	8,640
18	8,418	8,720	8,640
19	8,418	8,720	8,640
20	8,418	8,720	8,640
21	8,418	8,720	8,640
22	8,418	8,720	8,640
23	8,418	8,720	8,640
24	8,418	8,720	8,640
25	8,418	8,720	8,640
26	8,418	8,720	8,640
27	8,418	8,720	8,640
28	8,418	8,720	8,640
29	8,418	8,720	8,640
30	8,418	8,720	8,640
31	8,418	8,720	8,640
TOTAL	222,508	241,128	231,998

"Sunday Edition."  
The total number of copies printed in the three months ended above, 695,679, divided by 72, the number of issues, shows the average to be 9,662. This is a correct report of the issues of the TOPEKA DAILY STATE JOURNAL for the three months as stated.

(Signed) *Frank P. MacLennan*  
Editor and Proprietor.

Sworn to and subscribed Sept. 11, 1894.  
S. M. JARVIS, Clerk of the District Court, Shawnee County, Kansas.

## Weather Indications.

CHICAGO Nov. 21.—Forecast for Kansas: Fair and warmer tonight. Thursday fair with colder by evening; southerly winds shifting to westerly by Thursday.

GOVERNOR WAITE and our Secretary Osborn ought to go to Alabama. There seems to be an opening there for men of their sanguinary dispositions.

THERE is no longer any question about President Cleveland's affiliation with the British. He has the goat. No thoroughly American citizen ever has the goat.

THE cash balance in the treasury and the gold reserve has reached the lowest point since the war. If the gold reserve falls much lower it will be necessary to make the bond issues twenty-five millions instead of fifty millions or there will not be enough gold on hand to pay for them.

It is rumored that when the president submits his annual message to congress next month he will ask for the establishment of the single monetary standard of gold. This would seem to be hardly necessary in view of the existing conditions. It is difficult to see anything now remaining undone toward the accomplishment of this purpose. The country is already suffering from all the evil effects of a single gold standard. The president fears, perhaps, that the next administration may want to return to the bimetallic standard and will try to force such legislation as will render it impossible.

A NOVEL way of settling a disputed election has developed in the Tenth Georgia district. Tom Watson's. Watson has been twice defeated by ballot box stuffing and he naturally objects. His opponent, Congressman Black does not seem disposed to go behind the returns but he has agreed to a compromise. He is the present member from that district. He will accept the certificate of election and on March 4th he will resign. A new election will then be called to fill the vacancy. Both claimants expect to be the candidates of their respective parties. There is little reason to believe that the result will be different from what it has been in the past. Tom Watson would have been more likely to get justice if he had submitted his case to the new house of representatives.

THE Hutchinson Interior-Herald, published by Fletcher Meredith, a Republican member of the coming legislature, says:

The Topeka JOURNAL publishes about a hundred names of men who are actual or imaginary applicants for the score or so of places to be filled by Republicans under the coming administration, and there are only seven new or unfamiliar names in the whole lot. Can that paper not formulate a list that will not be composed almost entirely of old, worn out political hacks?

The JOURNAL does not "formulate" the list. It publishes it as it exists. There are a lot of "old worn out political hacks" who want office as there always has been and perhaps always will be. Of course their names are in the list. It remains to be seen, however, whether they are to be recognized or not. Some are deserving; some are not.

THE proposition of Gov. Lewelling to abolish a number of useless boards is well enough, but while suggestions of this kind are being made, a movement should be set on foot to wipe the state board of pardons out of existence. This board is of no earthly use. It does more harm than good. A clerk in the governor's office could examine all the papers necessary in the few cases worthy of executive clemency and the pardon business should be suspended and a few criminals allowed to get their dues. If no pardons were issued criminals would be fewer. The courts would have less to do and the state of the country would be better. As it has been lately, a criminal has little fear of a sentence in the penitentiary, as in nine cases out of ten he will have little difficulty in getting pardoned out through some influential political friend or politician who wants his help.

THERE is a growing prospect of serious trouble in Alabama. Reuben F. Kolb, Populist, says he has been twice elected governor and this time he intends to be inaugurated. Governor Jones says William C. Oates was elected governor and he will see that he is properly inaugurated when the time comes. Kolb has issued a manifesto calling upon his supporters to come to his aid. The people of the entire country will anxiously await the result. In 1876 when the count in South Carolina was finally settled so as to give the state to Hayes instead of Tilden, the same figures took away Wade Hampton's majority for governor, but he took the same ground now assumed by Kolb. He said he had been elected governor and he was going to be governor, and he was. It seemed best to let him have his way.

## KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

Charley Sandstone of Clark's Creek is a man with grit for you.  
Rooks county has a Mr. Splitter, but "he never split the wood."

The Moss Rose restaurant at Coney has closed its portals and silently withered away.

The biggest hop since Satan jumped over the ramparts, was held at Paradise Friday night.

The Atwood Citizen speaks of an "impenetrable Dixiecrat," probably because no one ever "got into" him.

The population of Labette county has just been augmented by three criminals pardoned out of the penitentiary.

Junction City now has a broom factory and every small boy in town is hunting up old brooms to get the sticks out of them.

The Manhattan Temperance league has been formed to engage in the interminable task of manufacturing public sentiment.

Thirteen wagon loads of people from Clay county who believe in the cold winter signs, have started overland for Mississippi.

An electionist is going to recite "How Ruby Played" at South Haven, and the people are almost sorry that men's deeds live after them.

From fifty to eighty loads of corn are being sold in Baxter Springs every day now, and the question is where do the purchasers get so much money.

The ladies of a church at Junction City have commenced a sale of Christmas articles at a fair and are firmly determined that no man shall escape.

Fears are entertained that the Dickens entertainment which is to be given at Atwood will pass off without anyone reciting "the death of Little Nell."

Two pictures have been painted at the Baxter Springs normal by two art students—one entitled "Silent Night," the other "Drinking Time." They are supposed to represent companion pieces.

A Republican has been commissioned postmaster at the little town of Tiro, Montgomery county, and yet there are a few people who still say Mr. Cleveland doesn't try to get even with his political enemies.

South Haven has a drayman that simply annihilates distance. He drove to Wellington and back recently, put on a load of flour and was back again in six hours, having stopped twice on the road to trade horses.

## WATTERSON MAY COME.

He Has Been Invited to Topeka by the Editorial Association.

The third annual meeting of the Kansas State Editorial Association will be held in Topeka, January 21, 22 and 23, and the executive committee, which held a meeting here yesterday afternoon, has issued an invitation to Henry Waterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal to deliver the annual address before the association.

The address of welcome will be made by Lieut. Gov.-elect James A. Freeman. The local arrangements are in charge of Arthur Capper of the Mail and A. O. Frost of the Lance. The executive committee propose to have the editors charter a train on the Santa Fe and visit the State University and Haskell Institute at Lawrence on the last day of the meeting.

Among the editors present at the executive committee meeting were President J. E. Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin, Secretary W. J. Costigan of the Ottawa Journal, W. E. Bolton of the Kiowa Signal and the Woodward, Okla. News, E. B. Cowgill of the Kansas Farmer, E. B. Burnett of the Salomon City Sentinel, John A. Reynolds of the Newton Republican, and M. O. Frost of the Topeka Lance.

## BRECKINRIDGE, LECTURER

The Kentuckian will Employ His Notoriety to Win Greenbacks.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 21.—The announcement that Col. Breckinridge would try the lecture platform is true. Manager Hess said: "The engagement had not been closed, but when I found it had reached the newspapers this morning I called upon Col. Breckinridge and closed the contract. The subject of his first lecture will probably be 'Ten Years Among Tariff Reformers.'"

"The tour will begin at once, but it is not to interfere with his duties in congress."

Call up Phone 153 and have our wagon call for your bundle.  
TOPEKA STEAM LAUNDRY.  
Stewart stoves at Sheldon & Sheldon's.

## LIGHT THAT FAILED.

HOW A BLIND WRITER PRODUCES NEAT MANUSCRIPT.

Marvin R. Clark, Journalist, Author and Philosopher—Bright Eyes That Are Sighted—A Remarkable Benefit Recalled—Eliza Archard Conner's Story.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—In the summer of 1884 it was my lot to do some newspaper "slumming" of the most disagreeable kind for a little New York daily that died soon afterward and left not money enough to pay its own funeral expenses. Just at the time when my slumming work became the hardest and the meanest the assistant editor of the paper came forward to help me out with it and stood by me all through, even when I had an Irish blackthorn club cane raised over my hapless head on one occasion.

The gentleman whose kindness at that time I have never forgotten was well known among New York journalists. He had practically entered their ranks when he was 15 years old, in 1855, being then the editor of a school paper called Young America, which he wrote out with his own hands. He was born in New York and graduated from the Mechanics' Society school in 1856. Among 350 competitors he won the first prize in composition and had the distinguished honor of receiving it from William Cullen Bryant's own hands.

The Story Letter Recalled.

After leaving school the boy wrote contributions for the weekly press, and at the age of 23 he found himself regularly on the staff of the New York Sunday Dispatch. He was the first in the country to write about skating and to give newspaper space to it. The young enthusiast afterward wrote two books about skating. One related to ice skating. The other dealt with roller skating. Afterward, as he grew older, he made a specialty of political writing. When the daily paper called Truth was started,



MARVIN R. CLARK.

ed, he became connected with that. He was assistant editor of it when the famous Morey letter was published in that journal during the Garfield campaign. This great sensation went like a wave through the land, but my friend was not involved. He said to the manager, "For the Lord's sake, leave me out of that racket, Hart," and he was accordingly left out.

This was the gentleman who kindly aided me in the slumming. He was fine looking, with a merry brown eye, imperturbable good temper, and dark hair, with a few gray threads in it. Everybody liked him. After the lapse of these years I particularly remember the brightness of his eye and his appreciation of humor. His name was Marvin Richardson Clark.

Groping Blindly.

After the melancholy funeral of the little paper Mr. Clark became a member of the staff of The Morning Journal and later of The Commercial Advertiser. But people in New York may live next door to each other for ten years and never meet till they become acquainted coming home on a steamer from Europe. I lost sight of Marvin Clark altogether, though still hearing his name occasionally. In the autumn of 1889 one morning the papers contained an announcement that the New York Press club would on such a date give a benefit for Marvin R. Clark, the blind journalist. In the prime of his manhood, in the full flower of his power as a writer, just when wisdom and skill are added to enthusiasm for those rare mortals who keep their enthusiasm and refuse to slump down, the brilliant, kindly, courteous gentleman had been stricken.

I went to the Press club rooms to get information about him, for the news was inexpressibly shocking to me. I sat waiting in the reception room of the club for a few minutes to see the secretary and ask some questions about the benefit. Presently a gray haired man, groping blindly out before him with one hand, holding the arm of a friend with the other, entered. The look on his face, haunting, pathetic, helpless, shall I ever forget it? The expression was unexpressably touching.

This was the gay, busy, brown eyed newspaper comrade who had helped me in 1884.

He told me the story of his going blind. It was working under the gas light that did it, writing night after night, year after year, in the cruel, yellow, spluttering glare. His sight grew dim very gradually at first. Then he began to use glasses. But the light became dimmer and dimmer somehow. Yet he wrote on as best he could for five years. Then the light went out altogether. My friend was blind, stone blind. He couldn't even tell daylight from dark.

A Notable Benefit.

It is a fact rather melancholy to contemplate, on the whole, that newspaper people, even though they get good wages and are not particularly extravagant, can seldom lay up much money. Few things more deplorable, therefore, could happen to a journalist than to be stricken with

blindness in his prime, with 25 or 30 years more of life stretching out beyond him and others depending on him for support. The first thing was to provide for immediate necessities, and the Press club gave an entertainment for him.

The benefit was a notable one. Newspaper people are generous, and his brother and sister journalists contributed what they could afford. Theatrical stars by the score volunteered their services. Salvini, then in Boston, telegraphed that he would come and appear, but the programme was already made. Modjeska, the world's Juliet, offered her services, too, but there was not room for her, so she paid \$100 for a seat. Joe Murphy bought another \$100 seat and Joe Emmet a \$100 box. Beautiful women whose names are known to theater goers of two continents sold flowers in the lobby. General Sherman sent his contribution and attended the entertainment. It was one of the most brilliant and successful of distinguished people ever assembled in New York. And it netted some \$4,000 to the popular newspaper man whose sight had gone out.

Marvin Clark was not one to sit down and moan. First, to furnish him something to do, he began in the lonely hours of darkness to think out stories. There was an element of romance and imagination in his nature that had been sternly repressed in journalism only to crop out in his life and bring him fruits of sorrow. Now this faculty which had been cheated of its just rights came to brighten the darkness that had closed in around him. It peopled his lonely world with actors both in tragedy and comedy; it gave him gorgeous dreams of palaces and cloud capped towers and visions of fair landscapes.

The next step was to give outer form to some of these dreams. Mr. Clark began to write stories. They amused him at first. The characters were like friends talking to him. He wrote them as best he could, in crooked, pathetic lines, wide apart, upon the paper.

Then friends suggested to him to try to learn the typewriting machine. He visited the office of a well known machine to see what he could do. He ran his fingers along the lines of keys. "Read them across," he said to the salesman. This was done, the clerk beginning with the figures.

Wonderful Skill.

"Why, that's easy enough," said Mr. Clark—"3-3-4-5-6-7-8-9—dash. Now read the next line." The agent read it. "I can remember that easily enough," exclaimed the blind writer—"q-w-e-r-t-y-u-i-o-p. That's like poetry."

So on through the keyboard. Thanks to an excellent memory, Mr. Clark learned the rows of letters in a very few minutes. Then he bought a machine and began to practice. Today he is a better typewriter than many who have two good eyes and class themselves as experts. It is remarkable, the manuscript he prepares for printing, for Mr. Clark some time ago became an author, full fledged, and began to have stories and sketches published.

He writes upon long strips of paper like a roll of webbing. This is so that he may not be troubled about getting the sheets of paper straight and in order. His copy is astonishingly neat and clear, needing fewer corrections and revisions than that of many who see every word they write. His success with the writing machine is wonderful.

One familiar with the neighborhood of Park row, in New York city, will see at times a fine looking, well dressed man, accompanied by a bright eyed boy attendant, making his way cautiously across the crowded streets. There is an unutterable pathos in his face and the look of resignation that is born only of terrible suffering. Whether one knows the man or not, he will turn to look again at the haunting face with its dark, sightless eyes. But no melancholy appears in the manner or talk of the blind author. He is as cheerful as the golden throated canary that pours its music on the air of his sunny, south windowed room in Brooklyn. And when people ask him, as they often do, "How can you be so serene and hopeful always?" he answers:

"Oh, well, one must be a philosopher, you know."

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

## The Slaughter of Horses.

Chivalry had been left very far behind when Wallhausen wrote on military instruction in 1616. By his directions the lancer fixes his spear point not in his opponent's cuirass, but in the head of his horse, and hargreaves, pistol and musket are alike leveled at the hapless beast instead of at the rider. The cuirassier who is dismounted struggles to his feet, and "d'espee on tasche aussi de faire tomber le cheval de l'ennemy"—that is, unless he is ridden down and trampled under foot before he can free himself from his stirrups.

The slaughter of horses which must have taken place at this time must have been appalling, and such training might well produce troopers like those who, as d'Avila tells us, lying from the field of Ivry and finding the bridge across the Eure broken down, "cut off their horses' legs that they might serve them for a breastwork" against their pursuers. (English translation, 1670.) Perhaps the Italian phrase only means "hamstrung their horses," but in any case one is pleased to know that these pitiless scoundrels were "destroyed in such manner that very few of them remained alive." Yet the steeds so cruelly treated were not mere hacks.

They were "horses of price," trained to swim streams and leap ditches and fences under a heavily armed man, to cross 12 inch planks and pass over piles of dead without flinching—nay, even to take their part in the combat "en mordant, frappant and forcaat l'ennemy et l'endommagant en autres diverses sortas."

Wouldn't Insure the Carr.

The late czar of Russia was said to be the only European monarch whose life was not insured. The companies all rated him as a risk too hazardous to handle.

FRANK W. P. BELLEW.

The Artist Who Called Himself "Chip" and His Originality.

Frank W. P. Bellew, the artist who recently died at his home in New York, and who, under the name of "Chip," became so widely known through his humorous pictures, will be greatly missed by a wide audience in this country. Chip's lines were bold, and his drawings may be said to be technically not so artistic as many of his contemporaries who now survive him, but his originality and quiet humor were all his own, and he worked in a particular line not approached by any other. His most successful character was his dog, and this dog possessed such a happy disposition and wore such a perpetual smile that no matter if he were introduced into a picture where he had no particular duty to perform, the mere fact



CHIP.

of seeing him there would invariably be irresistible. Chip's dog, as he walked through the columns of the comic journals or sat occasionally in some far corner and with his quiet smile gazed at the scene depicted by the artist, has done much in an unconscious way to make the public better. He has taught us a lesson of cheerfulness, for he has invariably breathed the spirit of a joyous disposition. The New York Sun says of Mr. Bellew:

"He was the son of Frank Bellew, the well known caricaturist, and as a young boy he decided to follow in his father's footsteps. To prevent the confusion that would arise from the similarity of the two names he selected as a pseudonym, Chip, to indicate that he was a chip of the old block. But opportunities that were denied to his father and his father's contemporaries were opened up to him. Comic papers were founded and flourished that were really funny, and in them Chip's work found a ready market. Fack, Judge, Life and a score of other papers were on the lookout for good work, and Chip's originality and humor made him a valuable find. His market was established, and his signature became known. Chip's work was essentially caricature."

Here are a few drawings of Mr. Bellew's done in the years past for Life:

THE FIVE SENSES.



Sight.



Smell.



Taste.



Hearing.



Touch.



ONE CONSOLATION.



I may be "yaller" And covered with fleas, But my pants, thank the Lord, Don't bag at the knees.

No Gas.

Miss Polkadot—If Mr. Spooner comes tonight, I should think you would wear your best gown.

Miss Poplin—What difference would it make? He wouldn't notice it in the dark—Clothes and Furniture.

Deadened.

Parke—What a terrible thunderstorm we had last night!

Lane—Did we?

Parke—Great Scott, didn't you hear it? Lane—No. My baby had the colic—Life.

A High Minded Critic.

"Timmy Leftist denounces football. He says it's a disgracefully brutal sport."

"Who is Timmy?"

"He's a prizefighter."—Chicago Record.

# IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

BEST FOR SHIRTS.

THE PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

## Washburn College

ENTERTAINMENT COURSE FOR 1894-95.

### List of Entertainments.

Nov. 23—Ewd. P. Elliott, Impersonator.

In "An Evening with Dickens and Riley." Mr. Elliott stands in the front rank of entertainers.—Kansas City Times.

Dec. 7—Stacyon Jubilee Singers.

Consisting of nine artists. This company is booked for over FIFTY concerts in Chicago alone this season. Pronounced the best combination of jubilee singers ever heard on the concert stage.

Jan. 9—John R. Clarke.

A Macanet Lecturer. Who has been in such demand in the East and South for the past twenty years that he comes West this season for the first time. One lecture he has delivered over 1,500 times. Every lecture he says is fresh and bright. You should hear him.

Feb. 9—Pres. Geo. A. Gates.

Of Iowa College. President Gates is in great demand at Chamberlain assemblies and lecture courses, and is one of the brightest among the foremost platform orators.

March 2—Rev. Robert McIntire.

An Eloquent Divine. The great word-painter of the West. Superior to all things and persons in eloquence. Has lectured as high as ten times in the same city in one season. In other cities, six, eight and nine times.

Apr. 6—Washburn College Glee Club.

and Prof. Palmer, Reader. The Club is under the leadership of Prof. Woodworth, and this will be their closing concert for the season.

## CANDIDATES

For positions in connection with the coming session of the Legislature will do well to call and look at the card.

## CARDS